# COLLECTION

OF

# Songs, Duetts, Trios & Chorus's,

Composed & respectfully Inscribed

By Permission,

MISS TYLNEY LONG,

By

Mrs Stewart,

LATE

Miss Harriet Wainewright.

In this Collection the celebrated Danish Ballad intitled "The Water King" is introduced as a Song & likewise for Five Voices.

London, Printed for the Author, & Sold by Mr Cianchettini, No 123, New Bond Street.

To Miss Sydney Long.

Madam,

The Honor You have conferred on me, in permitting me to inscribe the following Work with Your Name, will ever afford me the highest gratification. I can only lament its not being more worthy of your distinguished Patronage, & with the sincerest Respect & Esteem

I have the Honor to be,

Madam,

Your most obliged

& most devoted Servant,

Harriet Stewart.

Why should I seek some proud imperial name,
To waft the aerial song on wings of fame?
A Prince beloved, the idol of his realm,
Noble of mind, wise ruler of the helm,
Who in the people's heart shall ever reign;
The great Moecenas of the letter'd train?
Or choose, from earliest years, some wellknown friend
Of parents dear, from Heaven, that o'er me bend?
From all such thoughts the Graces turn away,
And to my grateful heart, softwhispering say,
Inscribe our dearest favorite on thy song.
Favorite of Heaven, round whom the Virtues throng.
True worth ennobles rank, and raises high
The claim to praise from just Posterity.
From such the approving smile, the fostering name,
May give the humble bard to scrolls of fame.
Her active goodness all around shall flow,
And at the sight each breast exulting glow,
The joy be multiplied from tongue to tongue,
And all enraptured cry,—— such such is LONG.

# Crazy Jane

Larghetto

*sf* *p* *hr* *mf*

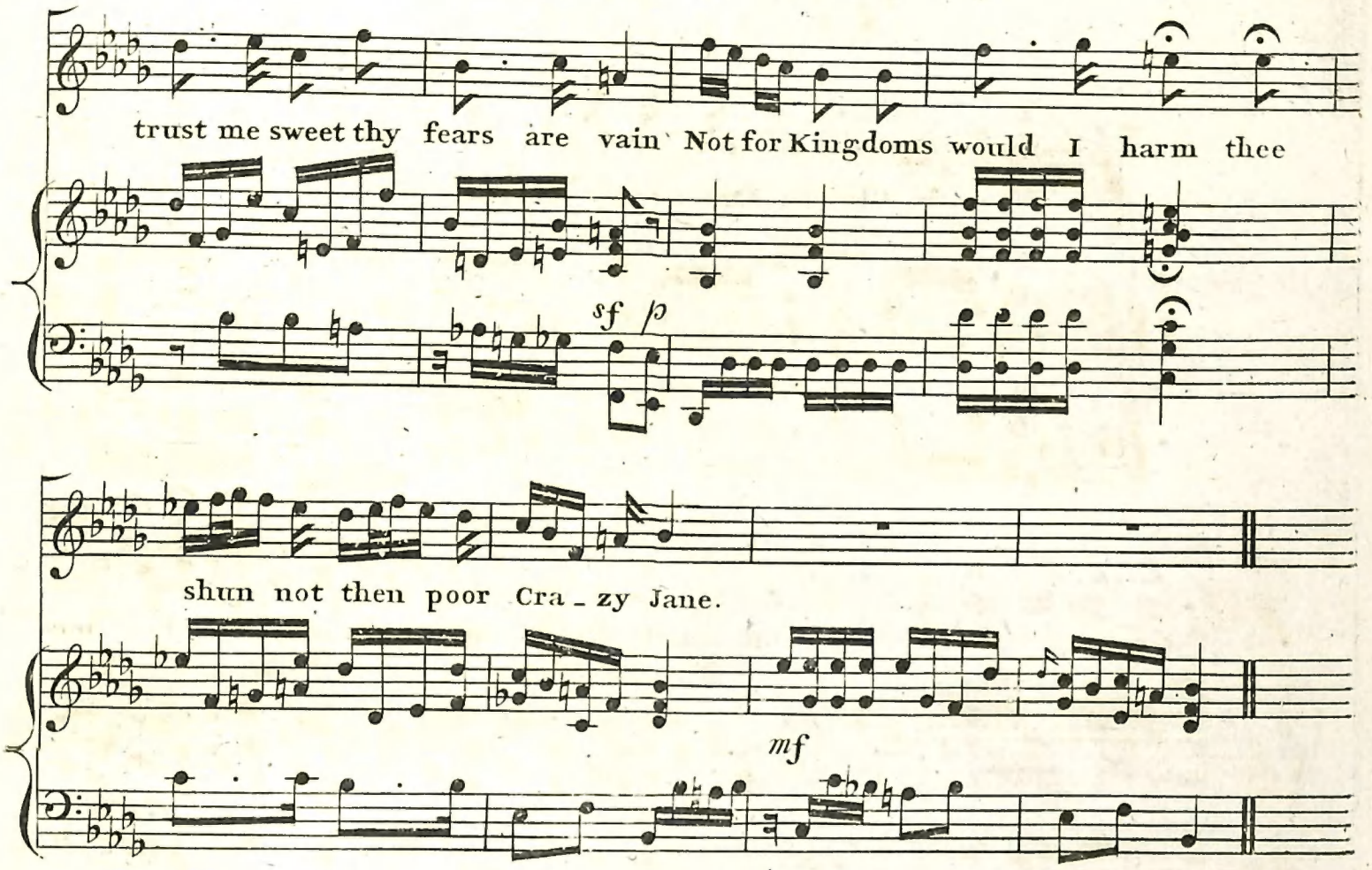
Why fair Maid in ev'_ ry fea _ ture,

*sf* *p*

are such signs of fear exprest? Can a wand'ring wretched creature

with such ter_ror fill thy breast. do my frenzied looks a _ larm thee?

*p* *sf* *p* *sf*




2

Dost thou weep to see my anguish
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish
Think them false;— I found them so.
For I loved,— Oh how sincerely,
None can ever love again;
But the Youth I loved so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

3

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd,— He vow'd,— & I believ'd him;
He was false,— and I undone.
From that hour has reason never,
Held her Empire o'er my brain:
Henry fled, with him for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

4

Now forlorn, and broken hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset;
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met;
Still I sing my Love-lorn ditty;
Still I slowly pace the plain;
Whilst each Passer by, in pity,
Cries: "God help thee Crazy Jane."

# Father Dennis

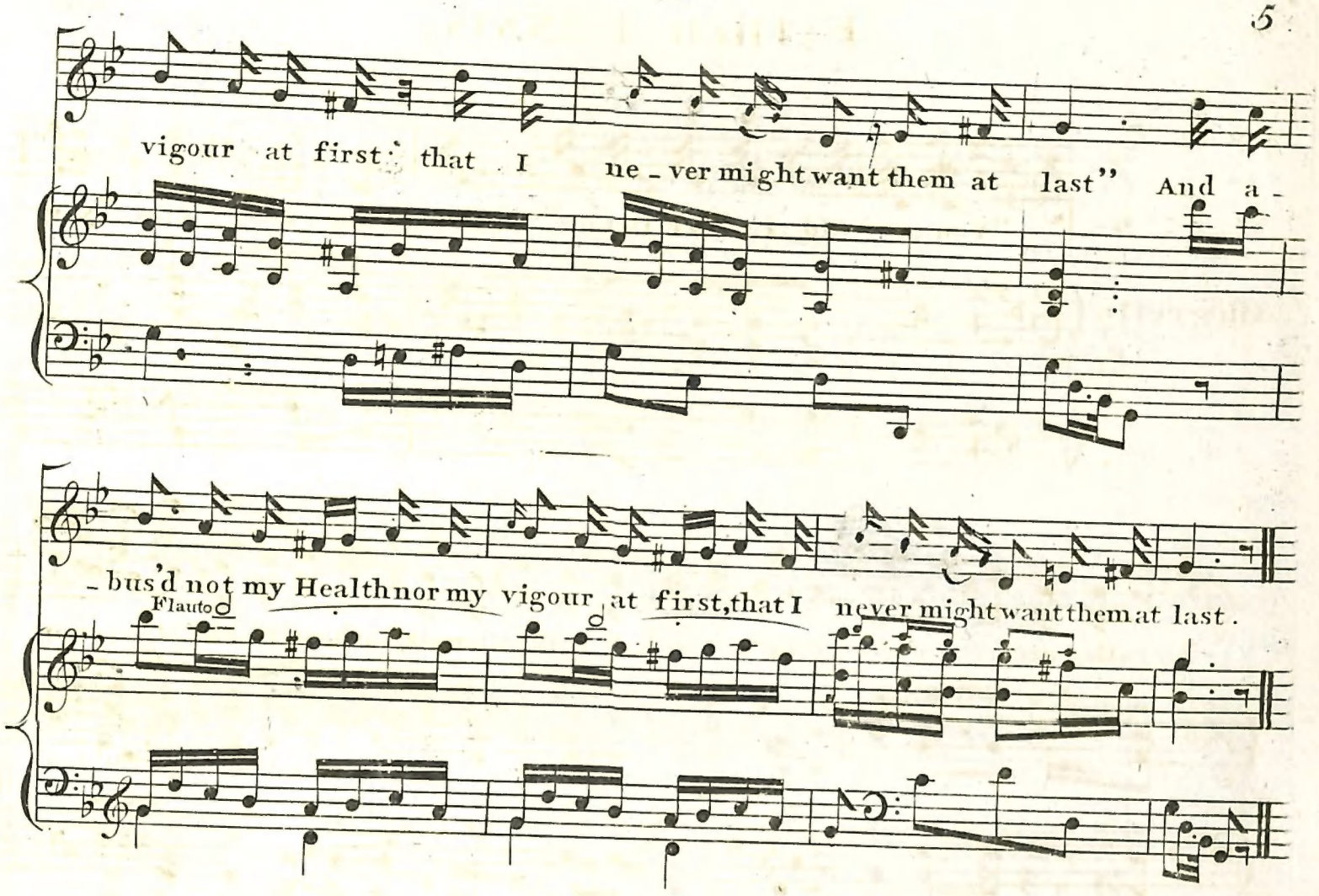
Allegretto

"You are Old Fa_ther Dennis" the young man said "your

locks that are left are quite grey. You are hale Father Dennis, a hear_ty old Man; now

tell me the reason I pray? "In the days of my Youth" Father Dennis replied" I re_

_member'd that Youth would fly fast and a_bus'd not my Health nor my

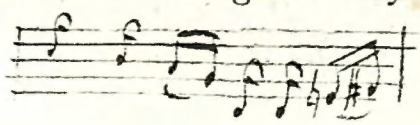



2

"You are old Father Dennis" the young Man said,
"And Pleasures with youth pass away,"
"And yet you regret not the Days that are gone;"
"Now tell me the reason I pray?"
"In the Days of my Youth" Father Dennis replied
"I remember'd that Youth could not last;"
"I thought of the Future, whatever I did,"
"That I never might grieve for the past."

3

"You are old Father Dennis" the young Man said,
"And Life must be hastening away:"
"You are chearful, & love to converse upon Death"
"Now tell me the reason I pray?"
"I am chearfull indeed" Father Dennis replied
"Let the cause thy attention engage."
"In the days of my youth I remember'd my God"
"And he has not forgotten my Age."



Soprano

And a_bus'd not my Health, nor my vigour at first, that I never might want them at last.

Soprano

And a_bus'd not my Health, nor my vigour at first, that I never might want them at last.

Contralto

And a_bus'd not my Health, nor my vigour at first, that I never might want them at last.

Alto

And a_bus'd not my Health, nor my vigour at first, that I never might want them at last.

Basso

And a_bus'd not my Health, nor my vigour at first, that I never might want them at last.

Flauto

Cembalo

2

I thought of the future whatever I did
That I never might grieve for the past

3

In the days of my youth I remember'd my God
And he has not forgotten my Age. (these words accented in like manner by the other Voices.

1st Soprano in the last Verse

# Conny bonny Kate of the West

Andante

Conny bonny Kate of the West She's grown wondrous poor she's got nothing left

She's turn'd out of doors she lies on a lock of straw where she can get no rest

Sweet and thee canst but love me Conny bonny Kate of the west.

2

Conny bonny Kate of the west
Sweet and thou wilt be mine
Thou shalt neither want
Strong Beer, Ale or Wine
Thou shalt lie on a Bed of Down
Where thou shalt get sweet rest
Sweet and thee canst but love me
Conny bonny Kate of the west.

3

Conny bonny Kate of the west
Seek not with cruel art
Mis'ry to inflict
Where thou canst peace impart
Thy smiles I value more
Than Treasures of the East
Say, do but say thou'lt love me
Conny bonny Kate of the west.

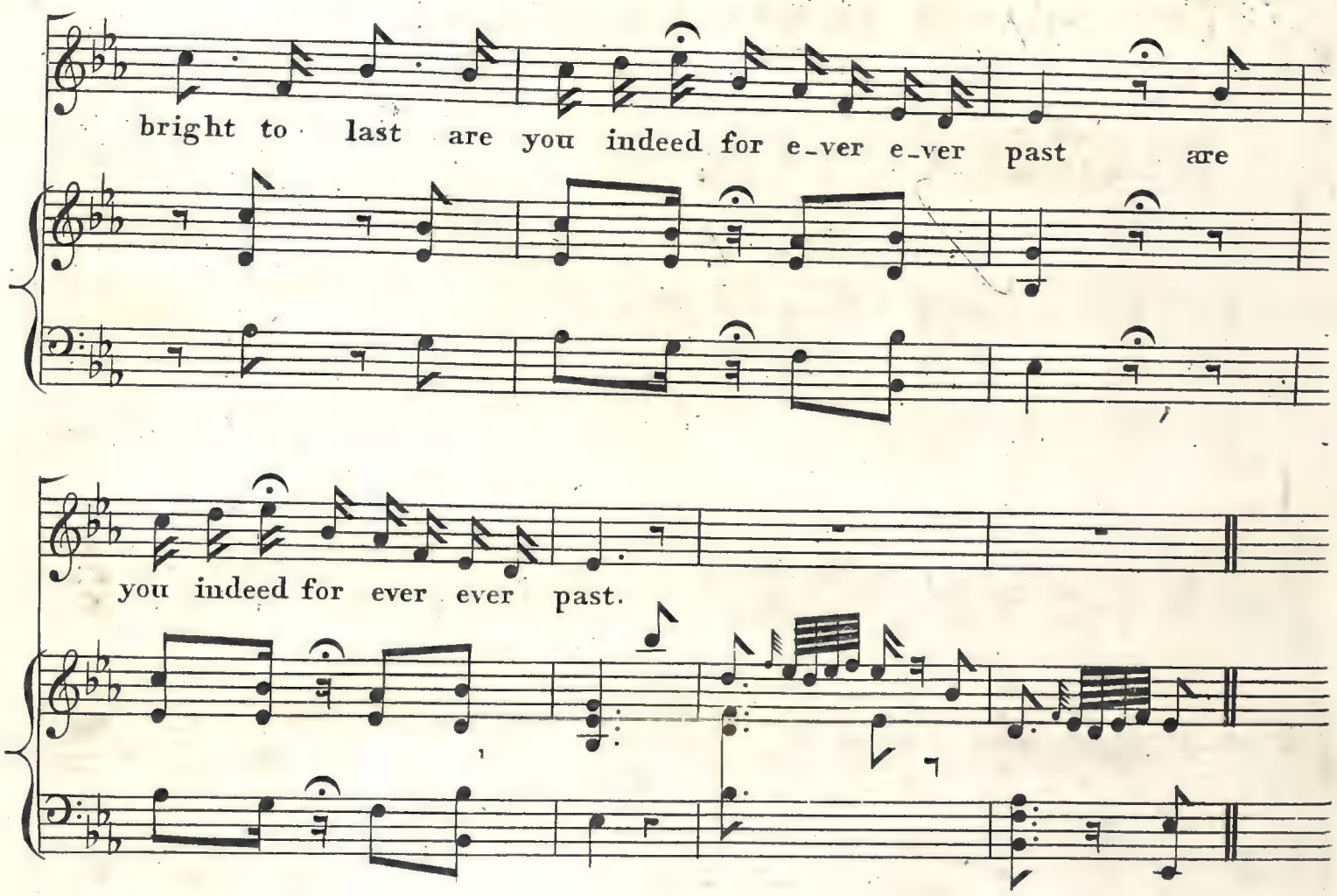
4

Conny bonny Kate of the west
She's no longer poor
And I am now so blest
I ne'er can wish for more
Each day now glides in peace
Each Night I take sweet rest
Blest with the smiles of her I love
Conny bonny Kate of the west.

# THE SEASON COMES WHEN FIRST WE MET

Larghetto

The sea - son comes when first we met, but you re - turn no more; why can - not I the days forget which time can ne'er re - store oh days too fair, too bright to last, are you indeed, for ever ever past oh days too fair too




2

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In mem'ry oft I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace,
But ah! I wake to endless woes,
And sighs, and tears, the fading visions close.

3

Your love and friendship once possest,
I've lost ne'er to regain
With cool reserve you wound a breast
Which never gave you pain
But oh let your unkindness cease,
Return, return and sooth my mind to peace.

# RONDO.

ANDANTINO.

A miam O bel_la I _ o _ la; A miam che' l Tem _ po

vo_la ve _ lo ce piu che Dardo che giu _ gne il Lie _ ve

Pardo ve _ lo _ ce piu che Dardo che giu _ gne il lie _ ve

Pardo Non e non e immor_ta _ _ le ma Fior ca_du _ co e

fra - le quel Fior di Gio - ve - nez - - za la vos - tra al - ta bel -

- lez - za la vos - tra al - ta bel - lezza Qual - la Se - ra nell

Ae - - - que il gran pia - ne - - ta giac - - que

Tale O piu va - go an - core Tale O piu va - go an - cor ri -

_sorge . . coll Au _ ro_ra ri_ sor _ ge coll Au _ ro _ ra D'om_

_bro_sa e ver _ de foglia la Sel _ va il ver _ no spolià e

la Stagion no _ vel _ la glie _ la rende piu bella e

la Stagion no _ vella glie _ la rende piu bella

Dall e _ tà nostra il verde mai piu non si rin verde La Mor _ te a nos _ tra

sf p sf p sf p sf p

Lu _ ce Te _ ne _ bre eter _ nè ad _ du _ ce, Te _ ne _ bre eter _ ne ad _ du _ ce, La

Mor _ te a nos _ tra Lu _ _ ce Te _ ne _ bre e _ te me ad _ du ce

E la giu nell in _ fer _ _ no in O _ blio Sem _ pe _ ter _ _ no in

sf/p sf/p sf/p sf/p sf/p sf/p sf/p sf/p

Sempi _ ter _ no er _ ro _ _ re in Sem _ pi _ ter _ no er _ ro _ _ re

non si par _ la d'a _ mo _ _ re non si par _ la d'a _ more Ah

dunque men_tre Lice men_tre non si dis_di_ce

men_tre e chella e vez_zo_sa cogliam d'a_mor la ro_sa

men_tre chella e vez_zo_sa cogliam d'Amor la Rosa

Della ca_nu_ta schi_er_ra agli A_man_te se_ve_ra

sprezin va_ni ro_mo _ _ ri nostri a_mo_ro_si Co_ri nostri a_mo_ro_si

Co_ri A_ _ miam o bella I_o_la Amiam che'l Tempo vo_la ve_

_lo_ce piu che dardo che giu_gne il Lieve Pardo ve_lo_ce piu che

dardo che giu_gne il lie_ve Pardo A_miam bella I_o_la

sf p sf p

# To the Snow Drop

Words by Bidlake.

Larghetto

Child of the win_try hour! ah doom'd to trust thy ten_der beauties to in_ _cle_ment Skies first off'ring of the year and har_binger of Spring cradled in friend_ly greens how pen_sive droops thy

nodding head, while in thy bashful eye, as mournful of thy fate hangs sad, a

pear_ly Tear Com_

f p f

_panion of ad_ _ver_ _ _ si_ty like thee to dang_ers rough consign'd the

new dropt lamb, with unstain'd fleece, and soft presses thy verdant bank, A_

ad lib:

_las! A_las! In this bad world, nor Innocence secures from biting slander's

sfr

pois'nous tooth, nor Innocence secures, nor Gentleness itself, her Virgin Sister meek. The

Tem_per mild that knows not how to frown nor of harsh Rule the Sceptre

how to weild is form'd to sink before the boist'rous passions rage Alas! like thee, poor injur'

Flavia bloom'd, the sweetest bud of unsus-picious youth like thee, all pu-rity; like

thee all purity to storms consign'd. But

sf p sf

sf p sf p

ah! she felt the rude unpitying breath of Malice, keener than the wintry winds and,

shrunk beneath the blast that never never spares; poor early victim of its pow'r, she

sunk pitied believ'd and mourn'd a - las! too late; chill'd by the i - cy

touch and ear - ly Hand of Death she sunk pitied be - liev'd and mourn'd A -

sf p

- las! too late; chill'd by the i - cy touch & early hand of Death

sf p

sf p

Larghetto

Oft as thy chaste thy un - assuming face shall deck... the

Morn - ing of the nascent Year this wounded breast shall heave with

Pangs of careless grief when pain - ful mem'ry tells how soon she fell she

fell and hap - less pass'd like thee .. fair spotless flow'r her lit - tle life for -

- lorn a - midst the wilds of fate.

sf p sf p sf p

# Hymn to Hope.

Siciliana

*p* *f*

O Hope thou sweet be - - nignant Power, de -

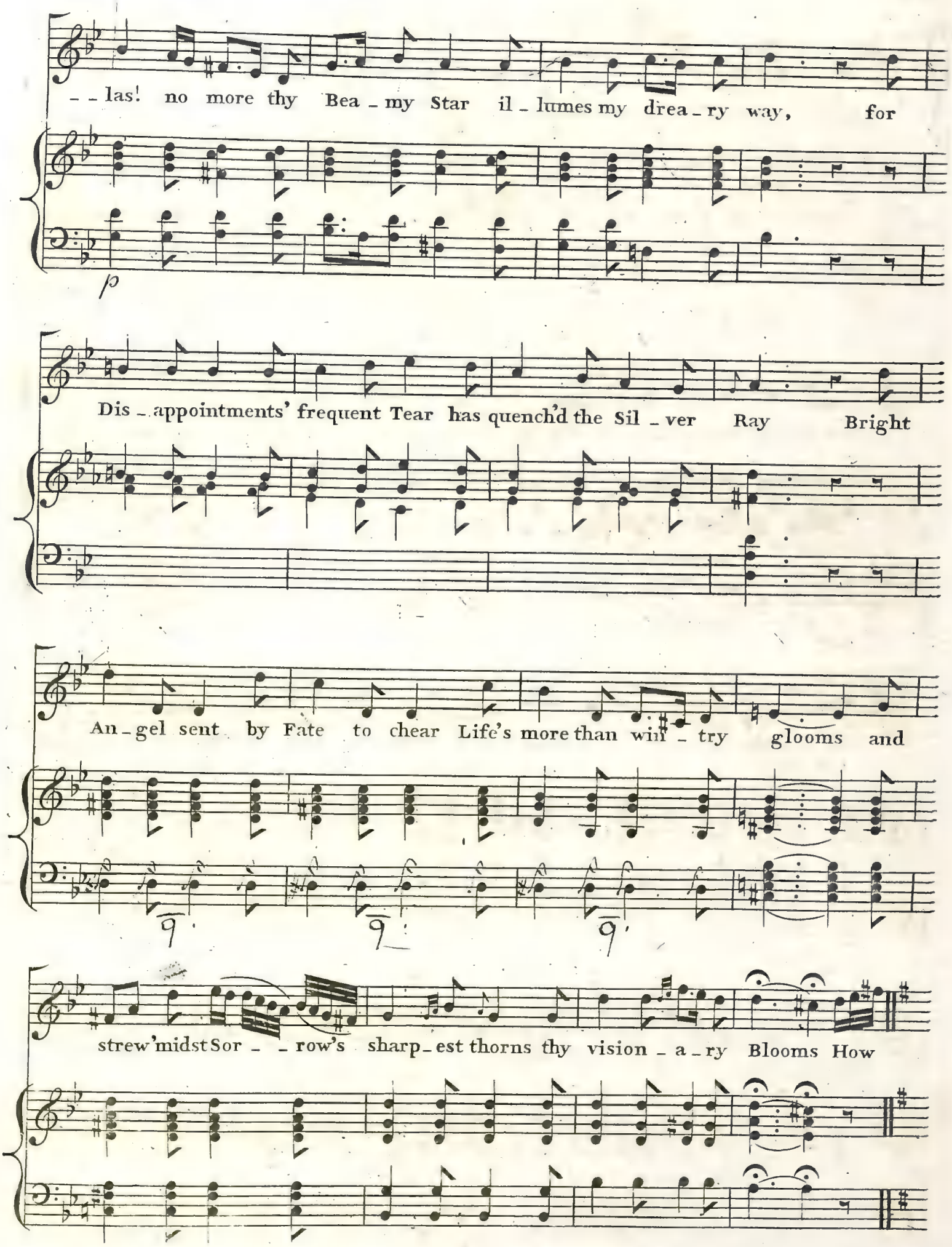
*dim:* *p*

- - cend_ed from a - bove and sent by Heav'n to lost Mankind on

*cres:* *mf*

errands full of Love on er - rands full of love A -

*p* *mf*


-- las! no more thy Bea - my Star il - lumes my drea - ry way, for
p
Dis - appointments' frequent Tear has quench'd the Sil - ver Ray Bright
An - gel sent by Fate to chear Life's more than win - try glooms and
strew'midst Sor - - row's sharp - est thorns thy vision - a - ry Blooms How

sweet - ly glow'd the op'ning Buds in . . . . fancy's ver - nal Morn, I

stretch'd my Hand to pluck the flow'r but felt the pierc - ing Thorn Tho'

sf p sf p

oft allur'd as oft deceiv'd but now the Charm is o'er the Dream is fled! the

Scene is clos'd! and Hope en - chants no more yet oft at midnight's

p

awful Hour when noise and tumult's cease the deigns to Hov_er

Andantino

o'er my Couch and whispers sacred Peace Not as when erst in

Right Hand

fan_cy's Morn she met my raptur'd view when flutt'ring round her

radient form the bright I_de_as flew flew the bright I_de_as flew A.

cres: dim:

va - - ried Crest of In - - dian Plumes play'd o'er her laugh - ing

Vivace

Brow her Robe a Sun - gilt wes - tern Cloud her

Zone, th'A - the - rial Bow Now round her flows a

a primo tempo.

ves - tal stole of pure unsul - lied white and fair E - ly - sian

Blooms enwreath her Brow se - rene - - ly Bright her

Brow se - rene - ly bright her. . . . Brow se - rene - ly

bright Her Hand a Sil - ver Lamp displays to

cheer the awe - ful Gloom she treads the damp vaults drea - ry Maze &

*mf* *dim:* *p*

leads me to the Tomb she bids it ope its Mar_ble Jaws &

*f* *p*

take me to its breast for there the troublous spi_rits cease and

*sf*

there the wea_ry rest There the weary rest for there the troublous

*p* *mf*

*rallen:*

spi_rits cease and there the wea_ry rest . . . . . *a I° tempo*

*sf* *p* *sf* *p* *p*

*rallen:*

*sf*

# The Water King.

Larghetto

With

Dim:

gentle murmur flow'd the Tide while by the frag rant flow'ry side the

lovely Maid with Ca - rols gay, to Mary's Church pur - su'd her way. The

Wa - ter Fiends ma - lig - nant eye, a - long the Banks be -

- held her hie straight to his Mo_ther Witch he sped, and

thus in suppliant accents said: "O Mother Mother now ad_vise

How I may yonder Maid surprise; O Mother Mother now explain

How I may yon - der Maid ob - tain." The Witch she gave him

8 octave

Ar - mour white; she form'd him like a gal - lant Knight; of

wa - ter clear next made her hand a Steed whose Housings

were of Sand, whose Hous - - ings were of Sand. The

Andantino

Water King then swift he went to Ma - ry's Church his steps he bent, He

bound his Cour - ser to the Door, and paced the Church Yard three times four; his

Courser to the Door bound he, and paced the Church Yard four times three, then

has - ten'd to the Aisle, where all the Peo - ple flock'd, both

great and small. The Priest said as the Knight drew near, "and

wherefore comes the white Chief here?" The love_ly Maid. . she

smil'd a_side "O . . . wou'd I were the white Chief's Bride" He

stept o'er benches one and two; "O love_ly Maid I die for you" He

stept o'er benches two, and three "O love - ly Maiden go with me" Then

sweet she smil'd the love-ly Maid, and as she gave her hand, shê said "Be-

- tide me Joy, be - tide me Woe o'er hill and dale with thee I'll go, be-

- tide me Joy, Be - tide me Woe, o'er hill and dale, o'er hill and dale with

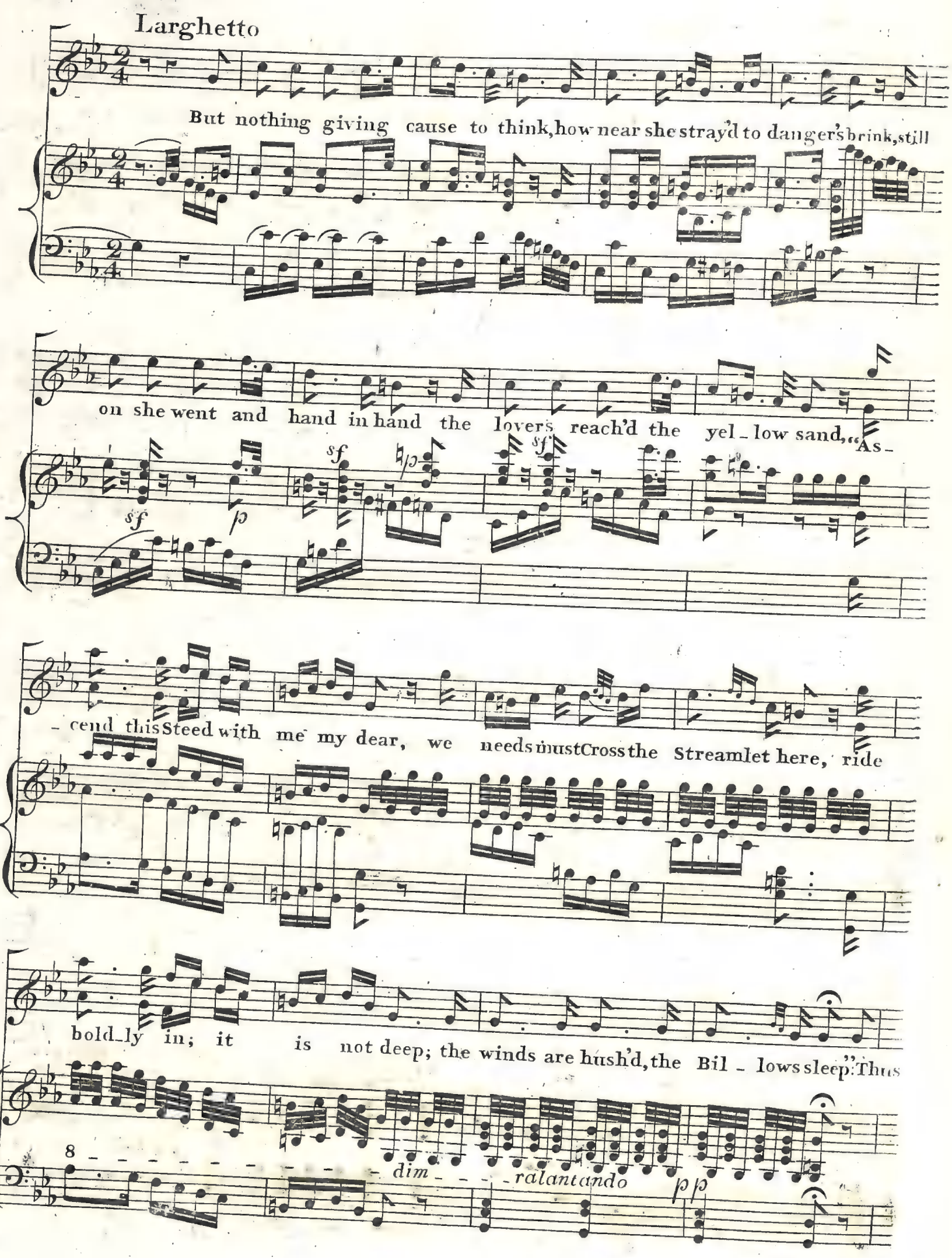
Andantino

thee with thee I'll go" The Priest their hands together join, they dance while clear the

Moonbeams shine & little thinks the Maiden bright Her Partner is the Wa_ter Sprite; oh

had some spi_rit deign'd to sing your Part_ner is the Wa_ter King, the

Maid had fear, and hate confest, and curs'd the hand which then she prest.


Larghetto
But nothing giving cause to think, how near she stray'd to danger's brink, still
on she went and hand in hand the lovers reach'd the yel_low sand, "As_

_cend this Steed with me my dear, we needs must Cross the Streamlet here, ride
bold_ly in; it is not deep; the winds are hush'd, the Bil_lows sleep." Thus

dim_ _ _ ralantando

Maestoso Largo

spoke the Wa - ter King the Maid her traitor Bridegroom's wish O -

- bey'd and soon she saw the Cour - ser lave, de -

- light - ed in his Pa - rent wave, de - light - ed in his Pa - rent wave, de -

- light - ed in his Pa - rent wave . . . . . .

ARPEGGIO

1mo

Ad lib:

ff

"Stop stop my love, the wa_ters blue, e'en

*sf* *p* *Agitata* *sf* *p*

now my shrinking foot bedew." "Oh lay a_side your fears sweet Heart, we

now have reach'd the deep_est part." "Stop stop my love, for now I see, the

wa_ters rise a_bove my Knee" "Oh lay a_side your

fears sweet Heart We now have reach'd the deep - - est part" "Stop

stop, for Heaven's sake stop, for Oh! the wa - - ters o'er my

bo - som flow." Scarce was the word pronounc'd, when Knight

LARGHETTO.

cres For

. . . and Courser va - - nish'd from her sight. She

dim p pp cres For

shrieks but shrieks in vain for high the wild winds

rising dull the cry the wild winds

ri - - - sing dull the cry. The

Fiend exults the bil - lows dash, The Fiend exults the bil - lows dash, and

o'er the hap - - less vic - - tim wash, the Fiend ex-

p

- ults the billows dash . . . . dash dash.

sf

dim

And o'er the hap - less vic - - tim wash

p

rallan: a primo tempo

Three times while struggling with the Stream, the lovely Maid was heard to scream, but

Rallen: A Primo Tempo

When the Tempest's rage was o'er the lovely Maid was seen no more . . . no more the

A Primo Tempo

sf dim: Rallen: p

Lento

lovely Maid was seen no more . . no more the lovely Maid was seen no more.

Lento

sf 3

Primo Tempo sf p

Rallen:

LARGHETTO

Warn'd by this Tale ye Dam - sels fair To whom you give your

love be _ ware. Be _ lieve not ev'_ ry handsome Knight, and

dance not with the wa_ter Sprite, the wa_ter Sprite, dance dance not with the

water Sprite, the water Sprite, the wa_ter Sprite, dance dance not with the

wa_ter Sprite Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam _ sels fair to

whom you give your love be_ware, be_ware, be_ware.

Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam_sels fair, to whom you

give your love be_ware be_ware be_ware be

_lieve not ev'_ry handsome Knight, and dance not with the water Sprite, be_

- lieve not ev'- ry handsome Knight, and dance not with the

water Sprite, dance dan - - - - - - - - ce not with the

*sf* *f*

wa - ter Sprite, the wa - ter Sprite. Warn'd by this Tale ye

Ralen:

Damsels Fair, to whom you give your love be - ware, be -

*a primo tempo*

-lieve not ev'ry handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite , be-lieve not ev'ry

handsome Knight, and dance not with the water Sprite ,dance dance not with the

water Sprite

*hr*

*sf* *p*

*sf* *p*

*sf*

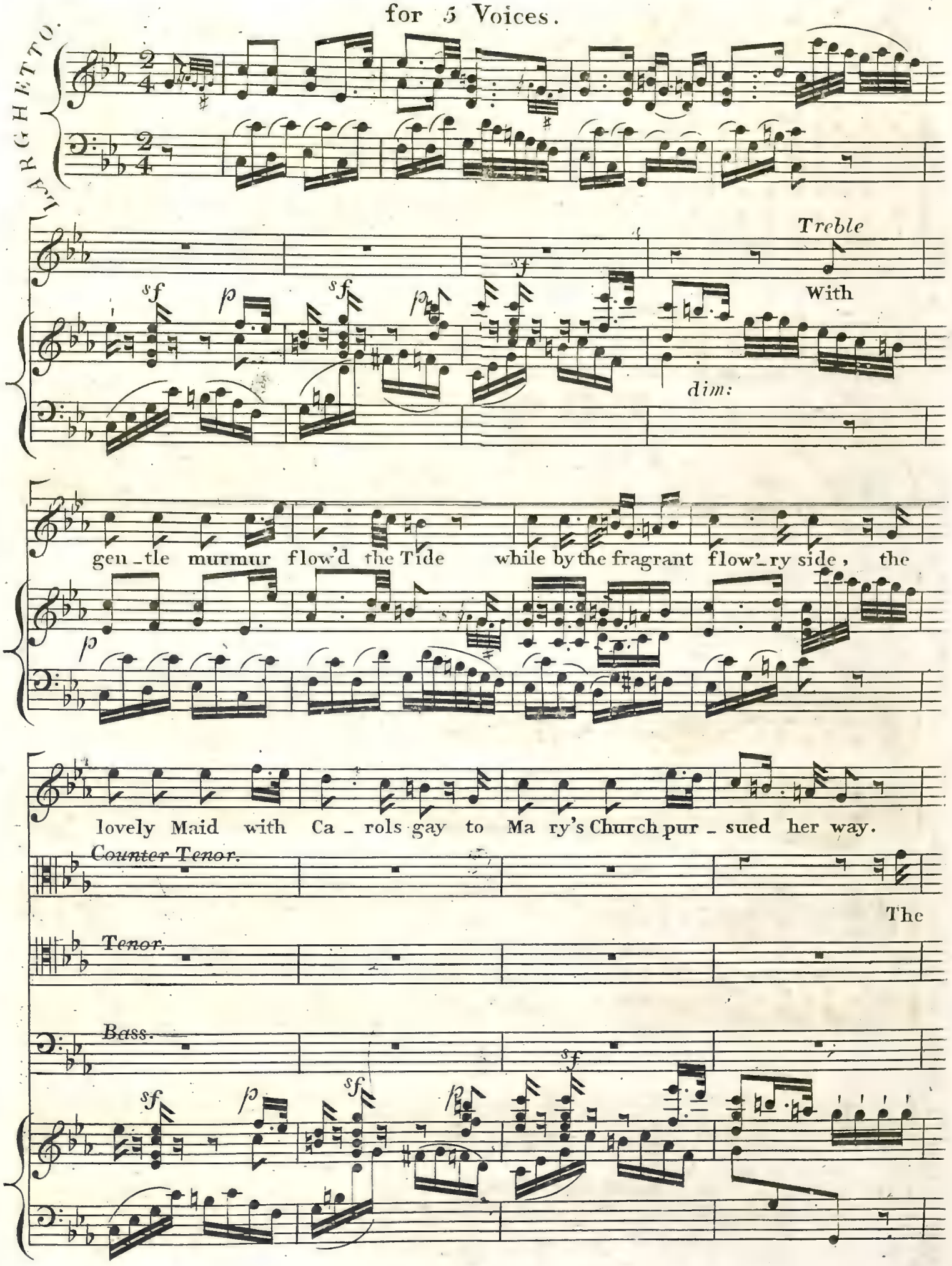
*p* *sf* *p*

*pp* Rallen:

*sf* *p* *sf* dim: *p* *sf* *p*

# THE WATER KING.

for 5 Voices.



Wa _ ter Fiend's malig _ nant Eye a _ long the Banks be _ held her hie

Straight to his Mother Witch he sped and thus in suppliant accents said

"O

Mother, Mother now advise, how I may yon_der Maid surprize, O

The

The

The

Mother Mother now explain how I may yonder Maid obtain" The

Witch she gave him Armour white, she form'd him like a gal_lant Knight of

Witch she gave him Armour white, she form'd him like a gal_lant Knight of

Witch she gave him Armour white she form'd him like a gal_lant Knight of

Witch she gave him Armour white she form'd him like a gal_lant Knight of

8 octave

wa_ter clear, next made her hand a Steed, whose Housings were of Sand, whose

wa_ter clear, next made her hand a Steed. . . . , whose Housings were... of Sand, whose

wa_ _ _ ter clear, next made... her hand a Steed, whose Housings were of Sand, whose

wa_ter clear, next made her hand a Steed, whose Housings were of Sand, whose

Andantino

Housings were of Sand. The Wa _ ter King then swift he went, to

Housings were of Sand. The Wa _ ter King then swift he went, to

Housings were of Sand. The Wa _ ter King then swift he went, to

Housings were of Sand.

Andantino

Ma _ ry's church his steps he bent, He bound his Courser to the door, and

Ma _ ry's church his steps he bent, He bound his Courser to the door, and

Ma _ ry's church his steps he bent, He bound his Courser to the door, and

paced the Churchyard Three Times four; his Courser to the Door bound He, and

paced the Church Yard Three Time four; his Courser to the Door bound He, and

paced the Church Yard Three Times four; his Courser to the Door bound He, and

paced the Church Yard four Times Three, Then hasten to the Aisle where all the

paced the Church Yard four Times Three, Then hasten to the Aisle where all the

paced the Church Yard four Times Three, Then hasten to the Aisle where all the

Then hasten to the Aisle where all the

Peo-ple flock'd both great and small.

Peo-ple flock'd both great and small. The Priest said as the Knight drew near "and

Peo-ple flock'd both great and small.

Peo-ple flock'd both great and small

The love-ly Maid she smil'd aside "O

wherefore comes the white Chief here"?

CHORUS

. . wou'd I were the white Chief's Bride!" He stept o'er Benches one and two:

He stept o'er Benches one and two:

He stept o'er Benches one and two

He stept o'er Benches one and two: "O

8 *octave*

CHORUS

He stept o'er Benches two and three:

He stept o'er Benchès two and three:

He stept o'er Benches two and three:

lovely Maid I die for you" He stept o'er Benches two and three "O

*Rallen.*

*primo tempo*

8 *octave*

Then sweet she smil'd the love_ly Maid, and

love_ly Maiden go with me"

*Rallen:*

as she gave her Hand she said: "Be_tide me Joy, be_tide me woe, o'er

Hill and Dale with thee I'll go; be_tide me Joy, betide me woe, o'er

Hill and Dale o'er Hill and Dale with thee with thee I'll go."

Andantino

The Priest their Hands to_gether joins they dance while clear the Moon beam shines and

The Priest their Hands to_gether joins they dance while clear the Moon beam shines and

The Priest their Hands to_gether joins they dance while clear the Moon beam shines and

Andantino

lit_tle thinks the Maiden bright her Partner is the wa_ter Sprite; oh

lit_tle thinks the Maiden bright her Partner is the wa_ter Sprite; oh

lit_tle thinks the Maiden bright her Partner is the wa_ter Sprite; oh

CHO.S

had some spi - rit deign'd to sing "Your Part-ner is the Wa - ter King" The

had some spi - rit deign'd to sing "Your Part-ner is the Wa - ter King" The

had some spi - rit deign'd to sing "Your Part-ner is the Wa - ter King" The

The

Maid had Fear and Hate confest and curs'd the Hand which then she prest.

Maid had Fear and Hate confest and curs'd the Hand which then she prest.

Maid had Fear and Hate confest and curs'd the Hand which then she prest.

Maid had Fear and Hate con-fest and curs'd the Hand which then she prest.

LARGHETTO

But nothing giv _ ing cause to think how near she stray'd to Dangers brink still

on she went and Hand in Hand the Lo _ vers reach'd the vel _ low sand

sf p mf p mf "As _

-cend this Steed with me my Dear we needs must cross the Streamlet here: ride

CHO.S *Larg*

Thus

Thus

Thus

*Rallentando*
*dim:*

*p*

bold-ly in: it is not deep: the Winds are hush'd the bil-lows sleep" Thus

*p*

*dim:*

*dim:*

*p*

*Parts single.*

spoke the Wa _ ter King The Maid her Traitor Bridegroomes wish O _

spoke the Wa _ ter King The Maid her Traitor Bridegroomes wish O _

spoke the Wa _ ter King The Maid her Traitor Bridegroomes wish O _

spoke the Wa _ ter King The Maid her Traitor Bridegroomes wish O _

_ bey'd

_ bey'd and soon she saw the Cour _ ser lave

_ bey'd De _ _

De _ _ light _ ed in his

_ light _ ed in his Pa _ rent wave De _ _ light _ ed in his

De_light _ ed in his Pa_rent wave . . . . . .

Pa _ rent wave De_light _ ed in his Pa _ rent wave . . . . . .

Pa _ rent wave De_light _ ed in his Pa _ rent wave . . . . . .

De _ light _ ed in his Pa _ rent wave . . . . . .

*Arpagio*

ff

Ad lib:

ff

8

"Stop, stop my Love the wa - ters blue, e'er

Agitata

sf

sf

3

now my shrinking Foot be _ dew"

"Oh lay a _ side your Fears sweet Heart, we

"Stop stop my Love for now I see the

now have reach'd the deep _ est part"

wa - ters rise a bove my knee"

"Oh lay a - side your

"Stop

Fears sweet Heart we now have reach'd the deep - est part"

stop for Heav'n's sake stop for oh! the wa - ters o'er my

Bo - - som flow"

CHORUS

Scarce was the Word pro -

Scarce was the Word pro - -

Scarce was the Word pro - -

Scarce was the Word pro - -

cres

For

-nounc'd when Knight. . . . . and Courser va - nish'd from her

-nounc'd when Knight. . . . . and Courser va - nish'd from her

nounc'd . . . . . when Knight and Courser va - nish'd from her

nounc'd . . . . . when Knight and Courser va - nish'd from her

*sf/p* *dim* *p*

sight She shrieks but shrieks in

sight She shrieks but shrieks . . in

sight She shrieks but shrieks . . in

sight She shrieks but shrieks . . in

*p/p* *cres*

For

vain for high the wild winds rising dull the

vain for high the wild winds rising dull the

vain for high the wild winds rising dull the

vain for high the wild winds ri - - - sing dull the

cry . . . . . the wild winds ri - sing dull

cry the wild winds rising wild winds ri sing dull

cry the wild winds rising the wild winds ri - - sing dull

cry the wild winds rising the wild winds ri - - sing dull

*p*

*mf* *cres* *fmo* *pb*

f

the cry the Fiend exults the billows dash the

the cry the Fiend exults the billows dash the

the cry the Fiend exults the billows dash the

the cry the Fiend exults the billows dash the

sf f

Fiend exults the bil - lows dash & o'er the hap - less

Fiend exults the bil - lows dash & o'er the hap - less

Fiend exults the bil - lows dash & o'er the hap - less

Fiend exults the bil - lows dash & o'er the hap - less

*f*

vic - tim wash the Fiend exults the billows dash. . . . . dash

vic - tim wash the Fiend exults the bil - lows dash dash

vic - - tim wash the Fiend exults the bil - lows dash. . . . dash

vic - - - tim wash the Fiend exults the billows dash dash...

*f*

dash and o'er the

dash and o'er the

dash and o'er the

dash and o'er the

*sf* *dim* *Rallen:* *p* *A I° Tempo.*

hap - less vic - tim wash Three times while struggling with the stream the

hap - less vic - tim wash Three times while struggling with the stream the

hap - less vic - tim wash Three times while struggling with the stream the

hap - less vic - tim wash Three times while struggling with the stream the

lovely Maid was heard to scream but when the tempests rage was o'er the

lovely Maid was heard to scream but when the tempests rage was o'er the

lovely Maid was heard to scream but when the tempests rage was o'er the

lovely Maid was heard to scream but when the tempests rage was o'er the

*f* *dim:*

*Ralentando* *A Primo Tempo*

lovely Maid was seen no more . . . . no more the lovely Maid was

lovely Maid was seen no more no more the lovely Maid was

lovely Maid was seen no more . . . . no more the lovely Maid was

lovely Maid was seen no more no more the lovely Maid was

*p*

*Rallentando*

seen no more . . . . no more the lovely Maid was seen no more

*LENTO*

seen no more no more the lovely Maid was seen no more

seen no more . . . . no more the lovely Maid was seen no more

seen no more no more the lovely Maid was seen no more

*LENTO*

A Primo Tempo

sf sf p

8

sf p sf

ad lib:

Ralen:

Larghetto

1st Soprano

Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam - - sels fair, to

2d Soprano

Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam - - sels fair, to

Contralto

Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam - - sels fair, to

Alto

Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam - - sels fair, to

Basso

Warn'd by this Tale, ye Dam sels fair, to

Cembalo

LARGHETTO

whom you give your Love be - ware Be -

whom you give your Love be - ware Be - lieve not ev'- ry

whom you give your Love.. be - ware Be - lieve not ev'- ry

whom you give.. your Love be - ware Be - lieve nót ev'- ry

whom you give... your Love be - ware Be lieve nót ev'- ry

- lieve not ev' - ry Handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite the

Handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite be - lieve not ev'ry

Handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite be - lieve not ev'ry

Handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite be - lieve . . . not ev' ry

Handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite be lieve not ev'ry

wa _ ter Sprite dance dance not with the water Sprite the

Handsome Knight & dance not with the water Sprite be _

Handsome Knight & dance dance not with the water Sprite be _

Handsome Knight & dance . . not with the water Sprite be _

Handsome Knight & dance . . . not with the Water Sprite be _

water Sprite the wa _ ter Sprite dance dance . . . not with the

_ lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight & dance not with the

_ lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight . . & dance . . . not with the

_ lieve . . . . not ev'_ry Handsome Knight & dance not with the

_ lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight & dance not with the

wa_ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye Dam _ _ sels

wa_ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye Dam _ _ sels

wa_ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye Dam _ _ sels

wa_ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye Dam _ sels

wa_ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye Dam _ _ sels

fair to whom you give your Love be _

fair to whom . . you give yotir Love beware be _

fair to whom you give your Love be _ _

fair to whom you give your Love be _ _

fair to whom you give your Love be _ _

_ware be _ _ ware . . . . be _ ware warn'd by this

_ware be _ _ ware beware beware warn'd by this

_ware be _ _ ware be _ ware warn'd by this

_ware to whom you give your Love be _ ware warn'd by this

_ware be _ _ _ ware be _ ware warn'd by this

Tale ye Dam _ _ sels fair

Tale ye Dam _ _ sels fair to whom you

Tale ye Dam _ _ sels fair to whom you

Tale ye Dam _ _ sels fair to whom you

Tale. . . . ye Dam _ _ sels fair to whom you

to whom you give your Love be _ ware be _ _ ware be _ ware

give your Love be _ ware to whom you give your Love be _ ware Be _

give your Love beware be _ ware be _ ware bewarebeware

give your Love be _ ware be _ ware be _ ware

give your Love be _ ware be _ ware be _ ware

Be _

_ lieve not ev'_ ry Handsome Knight

Be _

And dance not with the wa _ ter Sprite Be _

Be _

Be _

- lieve not ev'- ry Handsome Knight And dance not with the

- lieve not ev'- ry Handsome Knight And dance not with the

- lieve not ev'- ry Handsome Knight And dance dance not with the

- lieve not ev'- ry Handsome Knight And dance . . . . not with the

- lieve not ev'- ry Handsome Knight And dance. . . . not with the

water Sprite dance dance . . . . . not with the

water Sprite dance dance. . . . . not with the

water Sprite dance dance not with the water Sprite the

water Sprite dance dance. . . . . not with the

water Sprite dance not with the

*sf*

wa - ter Sprite . . the wa - ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye

wa - - - - - ter wa - ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye

wa - ter Sprite the wa - ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye

wa - ter Sprite the wa - ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye

wa - ter Sprite the wa - ter Sprite warn'd by this Tale ye

Damsels fair to whom you give your Love beware Be -

Damsels fair. . . . . to whom you give your Love beware

Damsels fair to whom you give your Love beware

Damsels fair to whom you give your Love beware

Damsels fair to whom you give your Love beware

lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight Be_

And dance not with the water Sprite Be_

Be_

Be_

Be_

_lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight and dance not with the

_lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight and dance not with the

_lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight and dance dance not with the

lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight and dance. . . . not with the

lieve not ev'_ry Handsome Knight and dance. . . . not with the

water Sprite dance dance. . . . not with the water Sprite

water Sprite dance dance not with the water Sprite

water Sprite dance dance. . . . not with the water Sprite

water Sprite dance dance not with the water Sprite

water Sprite dance dance not with the water Sprite

sf p sf p

sf p sf p

Ralentando

pp

sf p sf dim p sf p

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